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By J. C. FRANK,

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T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

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HOMŒOPATHY;

OR,

THE FAMILY CURE.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

BY

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✓
J. C. FRANK.

CHICAGO:

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HOMŒOPATHY.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JERRY MCGILlicuddy.—*From the ould sod.*

MR. GORGIBUS.—*Fond of Philosophy.*

DEACON SILVERGRAB.—*In search of a wife.*

ADOLPHUS TOPNODY.—*Just married.*

CHARLES.—*A persecuted lover.*

SUSIE GORGIBUS.—*A pretty blossom.*

ANNA—(*Her cousin*).—*Young and lively.*

MRS. BANGS.—*Not married, but wants to be.*

DESCRIPTION OF SCENES.

SCENE I—*A street in first grooves.*

SCENE II—*Parlor in Gorgibus' house—Neatly and if possible, elegantly furnished. Doors R. and L. Door C.; window L. C.; small table C.; chairs R. and L.*

SCENE III—*Same as Scene I.*

SCENE IV.—*Same as Scene II.*

COSTUMES.—(MODERN.)

Time—about thirty minutes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R, means right, the actor facing the audience; L, left; C, center; R C, right center, etc.

HOMŒOPATHY.

SCENE I.— *A Street—Ferry heard singing off R.*

I wish to St. Patrick I was back in ould Cork,
Where we drank buttermilk, and ate extra fat pork,
Where the praties were maily an' couldn't be bate;
An' no tay did we drink but supper did ate.

(Enter Ferry R. with bundle and stick).

Ferry. Blessed Saint Patrick! where am I, anyhow, I wonder. This Ameriky is a dale of a country, an' no blarney. Here I've been wanderin' about all day, since breakfast, tryin' to find me some work; but nary a penny have I been able to scroipe in. Bad luck to the day when I left the boys an' girls in ould Oireland, an' crossed the say to Ameriky. But faith, it's no use sighin after the ould sod, or bein' down in the stomach about the shwate days gone by. I'll just thravel along, an' perhaps some gintleman of fortune will be afther axin' me in to supper, and make me his chief cashier an' door tender. *(Exit L. singing).*

I wish to St. Patrick I was back in ould Cork,
Where we drank buttermilk an' ate extra fat pork;
Where the girls were so pretty an' saucy an' neat.
An' their faces so buxom, and their kisses so sweet.

(Enter Charles, R.)

Chas. Great Scot! was ever a human being so cruelly used as I am! Here an entire week has elapsed without my being able to catch a single glimpse of my dear Susie. Old Gorgibus watches her as closely as an iron safe, and won't let any one see her. I've a great mind to buin down the house.

(Enter Anna, L.)

Anna. Good morning Mr. Charles; you are just the person I am looking for.

Chas. I am glad to see you, Anna. Is there any news?

Anna. Yes, there is really a good deal of news. In the first place, my uncle, Mr. Gorgibus, is determined that he will marry that horrid housekeeper of his, Mrs. Bangs. In the next place, he is equally determined that cousin Susie shall marry that miserly old Deacon Silvergrab; and I do believe that the wedding would have already taken place were it not that Susie loves you. She has confided it all to me *(laughs playfully)*, and being reduced to extremities we have invented a little trick to hoodwink my uncle; and the near-sighted old fellow doesn't see

through our scheme at all. At this moment Susie is playing sick. Her credulous father really believes her to be dangerously ill, and has sent me to get a doctor. Now Charles, if you could only send some intimate friend of yours to play the physician you would at least be able to get a letter to Susie, once or twice a day, and no doubt you will soon find a way to carry her off, and marry her in spite of my uncle and old Silvergrab.

Chas. Thank you, Anna, for the interest you manifest in Susie and me. But I fear it would be difficult to find a doctor who would be willing to risk so much for me. I really know of no one who would do it.

Anna. I think there will be no trouble. Fix up any of your friends as a doctor—your hired man if you can find no other. It is easy to deceive my uncle, and Mrs. Bangs is still more stupid. Neither of them would suspect a trick. But I must hurry back to the house. Be sure and have that doctor up in half an hour, if you love Susie. (*Exit L.*)

Chas. I do love her; but by heavens! what shall I do! Our hired man is a clumsy, awkward old fellow, and would spoil everything. As to the boys, I'm afraid to ask any of them. But something must be done, and that quickly. I wonder if Billie wouldn't? Not likely. But I'll ask him anyhow. (*Goes L.*)

(*Reenter Jerry L. stops Charles.*)

Ferry. The top o'the mornin' to you, sur. Couldn't you be afther glvin' a poor Irishman a job o'work, if you plaize, sur!

Chas. My dear fellow, you have nearly frightened me out of my wits. What is it you want?

Ferry. I'm a lonely Irishman widout the comforts of domestic afflictions. Couldn't ye be afther helpin me to a little job o'work?

Chas. (*aside*) This is just the fellow I want. (*aloud*) Ah! my friend, I am at this moment in need of a servant; but indeed, I do not know what you are capable of doing.

Ferry. Don't worry about that, sur. I can do anything. Just try me in a matter of business, something important, if you plaize. Send me to market to ax the price o'butter an' eggs, or to find out what time it is by the town clock, or to see which way the wind blows, or anything else that's difficult, I don't care what, an' I'll do the thing up to your intire satisfaction. Sure, I can do anything from feedin' the pigs an' chickens to rockin' the baby's cradle.

Chas. Ha! ha! you are certainly quite a genius.

Ferry. Faith, I am that, sur. When I lived in Cork wid my grandfather—did you iver see my grandfather?

Chas. I think not.

Ferry. Indeed! then you was niver in Cork?

Chas. No, never.

Ferry. Well, now, raaly, that's surprisin', I can tell you. I knowed there was some folks that was niver in old Oireland, but I thought iverybody had been in Cork. But no matter, when I lived in Cork wid my grandfather, as I said before—

Chas. Where was your father!

Ferry. I niver had one, sur.

Chas. That's quite impossible

Ferry. I know that, but it's truth all the same. You see there is exceptions to Iverything nowadays, an' I am an exception to the gineral rule. My mother told me I dropped down from heaven one day widout any warnin', an' that's all the information I iver got about it, sur. Well, when I lived wid my grandfather who kept a tavern in Cork, I was his confidential sarvant. I put out the horses, milked the cows, fed the pigs and geese, took care of the dog, washed the dishes, cooked the dinners, made the beds, scrubbed the floors, killed the cats, dressed the babies, kissed the girls, and did iverythi ng else that a gentleman like me could be expected to do.

Chas. Ha! ha! ha! you are just the fellow I want.

Ferry. (*aside*) I thought so.

Chas. But what is your name?

Ferry. Jerry, Jerry McGillicudy.

Chas. All right. Now Jerry, I'll tell you what I want; you must counterfeit a doctor.

Ferry. Counterfeit a doctor! Thunder an' buttermilk! I'd niver be able to do that. I can tell a lie, or do anything else that's mane; but I niver could be a doctor. Good morning, sur. (*Goes L.*)

Chas. Stop a little my friend, and I will explain. Do you see yonder brick house? (*Pointing L.*)

Ferry. The one wid the steeple?

Chas. No, that's a church, the next one; well, that's where Mr. Gorgibus lives.

Ferry. The d—I he does!

Chas. That gentleman has a very beautiful daughter with whom I am deeply in love. But her father wants her to marry Deaeon Silvergrab, and wont let me come near the house. Now old Gorgibus is as stupid as a mule, and we have invented a little trick to deceive him. The young lady is playing sick, and I want you to go to the house as doctor and carry her my letters. Now, Jerry, if you will help me to carry out this little game, I will give you twenty dollars a month.

Ferry. Twenty dollars a month! Do you raaly mane it?

Chas. I repeat, you shall have twenty dollars a month if you will faithfully carry out this little scheme.

Ferry. Ah! when it comes to twenty dollars a month, I'll not say I won't be a doctor—did you say board and washin' too?

Chas. Yes, board, washing, lodging,—everything included.

Ferry. I'm your man—just give me a letter, an' I'll be off at once.

Chas. I must write one first; besides, you will need a little fixing up. So follow me, we haven't a minute to lose. (*Exit R.*)

Ferry. (*frowning*). What would my darling Kitty say if she knowed I was goin' to be a doctor to a purty girl that isn't sick! (*Exit R.*)

(*Enter Deacon Silvergrab, R.*)

Dea. (*looking at watch*). Bless my stars! here it is nearly ten o'clock, and I haven't paid my compliments to Miss Gorgibus yet. Well, I'll go at once—the dear creature is so affectionately fond of me that I can't bear the thought of disappointing her a minute—I candidly believe I shall be obliged to discontinue my parochial duties until after the nuptials have been celebrated. Miss Gorgibus, and my regular philosophical

pursuits require so much of my time that I don't get anything else accomplished. When I married the first Mrs. Silvergrab, I didn't have half the fuss, and—and so forth, that I now have. But in this refined age, one must be thoroughly imbued with a spirit of romance, chivalry, and poetry; and woo the feminine heart according to the approved fashion of modern æsthetics. (*exit L.*)

(*Enter Adolphus, R.*).

Adol. Conglomerate my cerebellum! this matrimonial adventure has proved the most felicitous movement that it was ever the good fortune of Adolphus Topnody to undertake. Perforate my magnanimous pericranium! these three weeks of married life have been the most delightful moments of my life. (*looks at watch*). Conglomerate my cerebellum! It's an hour and twenty-two minutes "standard time" since I have seen my dear Sarah Jane—I'll go home to her at once. Conglomerate my cerebellum! (*exit L.*)

(*Re-enter Charles and Jerry, R.*).

Chas. Have you the letter, safe?

Ferry. (*holding up letter*). I have, sur.

Chas. Now, pray be careful, Jerry.

Ferry. Oh, niver fear; sure! I can kill a purty girl as asy as any other doctor in town. But what kind of physic must I be after givin' the young lady!

Chas. None at all; the letter is the chief thing. But if old Gorgibus should ask any questions talk about homœopathy—remember you are a homœopathic doctor; tell him about Plato, Socrates, and Hippocrates. The old fellow is a fool and will be easily blinded.

Ferry. That means I'm to talk philosophy, politics, an' blarney ginerally. Niver fear but I'll get the blind side of the old man, an' doctor the young lady beautifully.

Chas. But be very careful, or you will spoil everything. (*exit R.*)

Ferry. Don't worry about that—I'll do the thing up foine. Sure, he don't know what a boy I am fur the girls; an' as fur tellin' lies, my ould grandfather used to say, I could beat the very ould Nick himself. So I'm a doctor, wid a cane an' foine clothes. (*Surveys himself*) an' goin' to attind a young girl that hain't sick, an' git twenty dollars a month fur doin' the job. Now, it strikes me that I am gittin' up in the world moighty fasht; an' I'd feel furst rate if I only knowed that my darlin' Kitty wouldn't kick up a row about my bein' a homœopath-etic doctor. Brimstone and fire bugs! I niver can remember that word. But I must be off as fasht as my legs can carry me. Och! this Ameriky is a dale of a country an' no blarney. (*exit L., singing*).

SCENE II. *A parlor in Gorgibus's house. Discovered Mrs. Bangs seated R. reading a novel: also Gorgibus pacing the floor.*

Gorg. My dear Mrs. Bangs, will not my daughter's sudden illness require the nuptials to be postponed?

Mrs. B. It certainly will; the marriage cannot take place while the poor girl is so sick. But will it be necessary to postpone our wedding also?

Gorg. I have reflected about that, and think it would be wiser to do so. It would be such an apt illustration of the bonds of filial affection to celebrate the nuptials of father and daughter at one and the same time.

(*Enter Deacon Silvergrab, R.*).

Gorg. How do you do, my dear Deacon! How do I find you this morning!

Mrs. B. Pray be seated, Mr. Silvergrab.

Dea. (sitting L., and arranging collar and cravat). I am in the enjoyment of my customary fine health. Might I be permitted to inquire after yourselves?

Mrs. B. Alas! Mr. Silvergrab, a sore affliction has befallen us all.

Dea. (with a groan), The heavens forbid!

Mrs. B. It is only too true—only too true,—pray explain, Mr. Gorgibus, my nerves are so sadly shaken.

Gorg. Yes, dear Deacon, the terrible black-winged messenger of disease has visited the sacred precincts of this happy household. My daughter has been taken ill very suddenly and I fear the nuptials must be postponed. I have sent for the doctor.

Dea. Oh! terrific misfortune! It rends my heart in twain to hear it.

Gorg. Quite natural, quite natural. We have both of us so eagerly looked forward to the blessed moment when we might lead the idols of our hearts to the foot of the hymenial altar: and now that this misfortune has befallen us, it is really too sad to think of.

(*Enter Anna L.*).

Anna. (affectionately). My dear uncle, I bring you good news. I have engaged the ablest doctor in the world to attend upon cousin Susie. He comes from foreign lands—Hibernia, I think—and no doubt will soon cure poor Susie. He is a homœopathic doctor, and is so learned (*playfully and with vivacity*) that, do you know uncle, I almost wish I were sick myself that he might cure me.

Gorg. My dear, dear girl! how can *gratitude* ever repay your kindness? But where is this physician?

Anna. He will be here in a few moments. (*bell rings*). Ah! he is ringing now—I will bring him up. (*exit R.*).

Gorg. I too must go and greet this wonderful physician. (*exit R.*).

Mrs. B. What kind of a physician did she say this is?

Dea. He is—he is—that is, I can't at this instant recall the technical name; but he belongs to a newly discovered sect of physicians who cure people not so much by the medicine they give them, as by the medicine they don't give them.

(*Re-enter Gorgibus R. followed by Jerry and Anna*).

Gorg. I have sent for you, doctor, to see my daughter, who is very ill.

Jerry. I am highly obliged to ye, sur. (*aside*). Now for some philosophy. (*aloud*). Socrates says, and Pluto proves without a doubt that a person is not well when he is sick: an' Lord Pork remarks that a person is sick when he is not enjoying good health.

Gorg. Who says that!

Ferry. Lord Pork.

Gorg. Lord Pork! Lord Pork! let me reflect a——

Dea. I should judge the learned doctor refers to Lord Bacon.

Ferry. Exactly, sur; exactly. Lord Bacon—that's the man. I got a troifle confused in the name.

Gorg. Don't mention it, don't mention it; the wisest of men sometimes fall into error. You see, doctor, Miss Gorgibus is my only daughter and I place all confidence in you.

Ferry. An' well you may, Misther Gorgibus. I am not an ivery day kind of a doctor. I am a *homæo*—(*aside*) oh murther! I've ciane forgot what I am. (*scratches his head*). Ould Ireland foriver! I've got it. (*aloud*) Misther Gorgibus, I am a homœopath-etic doctor, and am the greatest, wisest, and wonderfulest physician in the physical, intellectual, and mineral faculty.

Gorg. I am delighted to hear it.

Ferry. All other doctors, in my opinion, are nothin' but murtherin' thaving villains. I studied in the animal, vegitive, conjugal, and hy-menial departments, an' can cure any disease. Let me feel your pulse, snr. (*feels Gorgibus' pulse*).

Mrs. B. It is his daughter that is sick, not he.

Ferry. No matter, the blood of the father and daughter are one; and by ascertaining the state of the former we find out what ails the other.

Mrs. B. How learned!

Dea. What marvelous erudition!

Gorg. (*to Anna*). Go fetch my daughter, that the great doctor may see her.

Anna. Yes, uncle. (*Exit L.*)

Ferry. What is it that's ailin' your daughter, may I ask, sur?

Gorg. The poor girl has caught the heart disease, and we have been obliged to postpone the nuptials on account of her illness.

Ferry. Now that's bad indeed. But raaly, misther Gorgibus, it strikes me that if the girl is goin' to be married you'd be overpowered wid joy at her havin' the heart disease. Faith, I wouldn't have a wife that didn't have a touch of it.

Gorg. I beseech you, dear doctor, that you will use all your mystery to cure her.

Ferry. Don't worry about that; sure, I can cure anything.

(*Enter Susie L. supported by Anna*).

Ferry. Is this the young lady! (*aside*). Faith, I feel the heart disease comin' over me—ain't she a jewel? Beats ould Oireland all to blazes! (*aloud*) My darlin' let me feel your pulse. (*Takes her hand and gives her letter unobserved by the rest*). The pulse tells me she has the heart disease.

Mrs. B. How quickly he found it out!

Ferry. Of course; we great doctors can tell what the matter is at first sight: (*to Susie*) My jewel, my darlin' does the pain afflict you much?

Susie. Very much.

Ferry. Where does it hurt you?

Susie. (*Points to her heart, and sighs*).

Ferry. There, I knowed it. I hit the nail on the head ivery time; your daughter has the heart disease.

Gorg. I believe you are right to say so; but can you tell me how this heart disease arises!

Ferry. Nothin' more aisy, sur. Hippocrates says on the subject, a—a great many quare things.

Gorg. No doubt, no doubt.

Dea. He was a great man.

Ferry. Hippocrates says—

Gorg. In what chapter, if you please.

Ferry. In his chapter on—on hearts.

Gorg. Very well, continue.

Ferry. Hippocrates says on the subject a great many quare things; but I am of the opinion, that this disease of the heart arises from various irresistible favers, which are called pulmonic favers, that is to say—favours which are pulmonic, and formed from sartin influences, an' climatic disarrangement, an' polar sensitiveness, arisin' in the regions of the disease—(to *Gorgibus*) do you understand French?

Gorg. Not in the least.

Ferry. (to the others). Do you ladies an' gintlemen understand French? (*Omnes nod negatively*).

Ferry. (assuming various comical attitudes). Gloria deus sanctissima est bonus singularite! Sic semper tyrannus a la mode! E pluribus unum St. Patrick! Nux vomica ergot (with great emphasis). Begorry!

Gorg. Why didn't I study French?

Mrs. B. What a very clever man!

Dea. Very clever, indeed.

Anna. How beautiful! I didn't understand a word of it.

Susie. I think I feel some better already.

Ferry. (aside) Aint she a darlin? (aloud). Now this climatic disarrangement, an' polar sensitiveness which I tould you about, in passin' through the stomach, into the liver which is to the left, and the heart which is to the right, and havin' a visible communication wid the brain, by means of the windpipe, produce sartin vapors in the lungs—give great attention here.

Gorg. I do, I do.

Ferry. Which vapors bein' possessed wid sartin pizens—listen sharp now—

Gorg. I am all ears.

Ferry. Produce these irresistible fevers in the ventricles of the lungs and engender this disease of the heart; and that is exactly the raison she is sick, sur.

Mrs. B. How well the learned doctor explains all.

Dea. He does indeed, madam.

Gorg. It is very philosophical argument, no doubt. But there is one thing I don't understand clearly, and that is about the heart and the liver. The heart is to the left and the liver is to the right, is it not so?

Ferry. They formerly were; but we great homœopathic doctors have changed all that, an' nowadays we practice physic on an intirely new plan.

Mrs. B. How clear he makes everything!

Susie. (with a deep sigh). Oh dear!

Ferry. (running to her side). What's the matter?—anything ailing you, my jewel?—are you sick?

Susie. Oh! I am dying, I—I know I am.

Ferry. Howly Saints! don't you do it—don't amuse yourself by dyin' until I write you a prescription. Get me a pen an' paper, quick, somebody. (*Anna gets them*). Is there anybody here that knows how to write?

Gorg. Can't you write yourself?

Ferry. Och! blazes! I don't recollect now, sure I used to could; but I have so many things to remember that I forget half of them—mister Gorgibus, your daughter is very sick. I will write her a prescription and visit her two times ivery day fur the next six months.

Gorg. You don't say so! You are a wonderful doctor, indeed. Come with me to the library, and I will arrange for your pay.

Ferry. (aside). Am I ashlape, or dramin'? Is he goin' to pay me twice over agin I wonder? Bedad! it looks loike it. (*aloud*). Yes, sur, mister Gorgibus, I'm comin' (*crosses stage while speaking aside*). This Ameriky is a dale of a country an' no blarney. (*Glances at Susie*). Aint she a darlin'? (*Exit Gorgibus L*). Now that's what I call a lady, yes, sur. Beats ould Oireland—ould Nick burn me if she don't. Roses an' lilies! (*smacks his lips*) what cheeks! Tulips an' carnations! (*smacks lips again*) what's a whole jug-full of home made, double distilled, un dooty paid mountain dew whiskey compared to them lips? (*Exit L.*) -

Dea. The knowledge and information of some folks is surprisin'. How readily the learned physician spoke French, and elucidated this heart disease.

Mrs. B. It is wonderful, indeed, especially those medical terms he quoted. But my dear Deacon, wouldn't you like a cup of tea to collect your shattered nerves? Come with me. (*Rises*).

Dea. (rising). I don't care lf I do: my nerves are a little deranged (*Curtseys to Susie and Anna, and exit R. with Mrs. Bangs*).

Susie (brightening up). O Anna!

Anna. (throwing her head back in chair and laughing). Oh, dear!

Susie. It is too bad for me to tease papa so. He thinks I am really at death's door.

Anna. (still laughing and holding her sides). That comical Irishman is enough to break one's heart. Did he bring you a letter from Charlie!

Susie. (holding up letter). The dear, good fellow didn't forget me. Let us run upstairs, quick, before the folks come in again. (*Exeunt Susie and Anna center door*).

(*Recenter Gorgibus L., followed by Ferry*).

Gorg. Twenty-five dollars a month, did you say?

Ferry. Yes, sur, exactly, sur,—seein it's you sur.

Gorg. Two visits a day?

Ferry. Yes, sur; two visits a day an' mind you, kill or cure or no pay, for twenty-five dollars a month.

Gorg. I'll engage you for six months. Here is your first month's pay. (*Gives money*). Come again to-morrow. I must now look after my daughter. (*Aside*). This illness completely disarranges all my plans (*Exit center door*).

Ferry. (looking after Gorgibus). I wonder how that ugly ould sinner iver came to have such a purty daughter! But faith this Ameriky is a dale of a country, an' no blarney. (*Crosses stage and is about to exit R. as Anna enters from same side. Ferry sees her and appears confused. He hurriedly recrosses stage and stands L.*)

Ferry. (aside). I almost run over her.

Anna. (aside). Here's that Irishman again.

Ferry. (aside). What'll I say to her?

Anna. (aside). Now for some fun. I'll captivate him, see if I don't

Ferry. The top o' the morning to you, my jewel. I'm the doctor an' must give you some medicine.

Anna. Medicine? Fie! I am as well as you are.

Ferry. So much the worse: this excess of health is apt to be very dangerous. I think there wouldn't be no harm in givin' you a little medicine. (*Approaches her.*)

Anna. Do you really think so? (*Smiles coquettishly.*)

Ferry. (bowing profusely). That's my humble opinion. (*aside.*) I wonder if she is expectin' me to kiss her? I'll thry it on anyhow. (*aloud*) My darlin'—

Anna. Your darlin'? well, I never—

Ferry. (moving toward her). My jewel—

Anna. (stepping back). Your jewel too? (*aside*) I'm getting along splendidly so far.

Ferry. Flower of my heart! (*tries to put his arm around her. She eludes him, and crosses to L. of stage. Ferry follows.*) Beautiful witch o' the mountain! Sweet Jersey Lily!

Anna. (a little alarmed). Now don't be foolish, sir.

Ferry. Niver a bit of it. I see you've got a fever; an' I want to take your hand to ascertain the state of your pulse, that's all.

Anna. Oh! that's all, is it? well, there's my hand. (*holds out her hand to him.*) But mind you, no more sweet words—I don't like taffy.

Ferry. Oh! niver you fear. (*kisses her suddenly*) How is that jewel? (*she flushes with anger; and retorts by giving Ferry a vigorous slap on the mouth which jars off his hat.*)

Anna. You villain! (*smiles in spite of herself.*) Aha! doctor, that kiss was a homœopathic dose, was it! well, I returned you good for bad. (*aside.*) I got more this time than I bargained for. (*Exit R. quickly.*)

Ferry. (dusting his hat). What a quare girl! Kitty niver acted that way. This Ameriky is a dale of a country, and no blarney. (*Hears noise off R.*) Hark! somebody's comin'. I'll be after makin' myself scarce. (*Exit hastily through open window L. C. Scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—(*A Street, Ferry heard singing off L. Air—"The Limerick Glove."*)

"When you go courtin' a neat or dainty lass
Don't be a sighin', or ready to faint; alas!
Little she'd care for such pluckless philandering.
And to ould Nick would send you a wandering.
But you thief, you rogue, you lyin' cur,
Have at her like an Irishman, sir."

(*Enter Ferry L., singing.*)

"Tip her the wink, take hold of the fist of her,
Kiss her before she'd have time to say Christopher."

She may cry out you're an impudent fellow, sir,
 But her eyes will unsay what her tongue it may tell you sir.
 Oh! you thief, you rogue, you lyin' cur,
 You're a divil of a chap, you Irishman, sir."

Give her another, or rather a score of 'em.
 Still you will find her ready for more of 'em.
 Press her, caress her, my dear, like a stylish man;
 For that is the way to court like an Irishman.

(*speaks*). Och! sure, I'll niver forgit ould Oireland, an' the happy days whin I used to thrash the boys an' kiss the girls—what a divil of a fellow I was fur the girls anyhow—I can't help but think of it. But faith, it's all over wid now, an' I'm a homœopath-etic doctor with twenty dollars a month from my master, an' twenty-five dollars from the girl's father. If my darlin' Kitty was only here now, my happiness would be complete. Bedad! I'll buy her a transportation ticket across the say whin my master pays me for doctorin' his sweetheart. That's what I'll do. (*swings hat*). Hurrah for St. Patrick! Down wid John Bull! E pluribus unum! Ould Oireland foriver! whooo!

Adol. (*calling outside*). Doctor! doctor!

Ferry. Hark! somebody is callin'.

Adol. (*still outside*). Conglomerate my cerebellum!

Ferry. Go along wid your Sarah Bellum!

(*Enter Adolphus, R.*).

Adol. Are you the doctor?

Ferry. Yis sur;—exactly, sur—that's my name, sur

Adol. My wife is at death's door.

Ferry. I'm very glad to hear it, sur.

Adol. I want you to come and give her some medicine. Oh, my dear Sarah Jane!

Ferry. What's ailin' her?

Adol. Oh! she is very ill; I fear she is dying.

Ferry. Howly saints, man, hasten back as fasht as your legs can carry you, an' tell her not to die till she has a prescription from the doctor—and I'll be around next week sometoime.

Adol. I'll do it; thank you, doctor. Good morning, sir. (*goes*). Oh, my dear Sarah Jane! conglomerate my ecstatic cerebellum! (*exit R.*)

Ferry. Ha! ha! ha! if that fellow's Sarah Bellum dies, it will all be owin' to this humbug of a doctor.

(*Enter Charles, L.*).

Chas. Well Jerry, you seem to be in good humor.

Ferry. Wid lots o' money in my pocket, an' all the doctorin' I can do, how can I be otherwise?

Chas. Ha! ha! But never mind that now; I've another job on hand for you.

Ferry. Faith, I'm the one for you, just tell me what you want an' I'll do it, or blow up the whole town.

Chas. It will not require such extreme measures, I think. But listen to me. In the first place, you know Miss Gorgibus is very pretty—

Ferry. Aint she a darlin', though!

Chas. And in the second place —

Ferry. You are head over heels in love wid her.

Chas. Yes.

Ferry. An' in the third place, you want to marry her.

Chas. Exactly; but you see that so long as her father keeps her penned up, and won't allow her to get out of his sight, I can't do so. Now, Jerry, if you could manage to get Susie out of the house —

Ferry, (hesitating). That's a dilicate job.

Chas. But I could make it worth your trouble.

Ferry. I hate dreadfully to be elopin' wid young girls. You see, Kitty moight find it out an' thin there'd be the divil to pay. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll git the ould man out of the house, an' thin you can come after the girl yourself.

Chas. That will do splendidly. Now you manage to get old Gorgibus out of the way for half an hour, and I will give you fifty dollars.

Ferry. Fifty dollars, did you say! I'll do it, sur. Come along wid me, an' I'll make you the happiest man in town. Bedad! I'll send the ould fellow on a wild goose chase while you bolt the moon wid his daughter. Ha! ha! ha! This Ameriky is a dale of a country and no blarney. (*Exeunt both, R.*)

SCENE IV *same as Scene II. Discovered Ferry looking out of window L. C.*

Ferry. Ha! ha! ha! That beats ould Oireland all to blazes. Ha! ha! ha! How beautifully I fooled the ould fellow! Tould him that the town hall was afire. Ha! ha! ha! And said he had better hasten to the spot at once if he wanted the pleasure of seein' it burn down. Ha! ha! ha! Didn't he skedaddle though! Ha! ha! ha! Picked up a bucket of water, an' away he went loike a steam whistle. Ha! ha! ha! This Ameriky is a dale of a country an' no blarney. Ha! ha! ha! I'll go outside an' watch the fun. Won't there be a beautiful shindy whin ould Gorgibus gits back! Ha! ha! ha! (*exit L.*)

(*Enter Susie, R.*)

Susie. What is all this excitement about, I wonder? There is the old Deacon (*looking out of window*) running down the road as fast as he can, and papa following him with a bucket of water—I do hope nothing serious has happened.

(*Enter Charles, L.*)

Susie. Oh, Charles! (*claps her hands, and runs to him*).

Chas. My dear Susie! (*kisses her*).

Susie. How did you get into the house?

Chas. By sending your father on a "Fool's Errand." Come, let us be off and be married: I have everything arranged.

Susie. Oh, Charles!

Chas. Quick, Susie, we haven't a moment to lose.

Susie. All right; I'll go. But I must get ready first.

Chas. Oh! don't bother; you're looking well enough as you are.

Susie. Am I really? honor bright?

Chas. And shining, of cour:e you are, my dear little angel. (*kisses her*)

Susie. Well, wait just a second; I'll run and get my wraps.

Chas. You won't need any wraps either; it's quite warm.

Susie. And I haven't my boots on.

Chas. Never mind; slippers are good enough.

Susie. But I must have my hat.

Chas. Come, we will hunt your hat after we are married.

Susie. I wonder where my gloves are?

(Enter Anna R., with wraps. She puts them on Susie).

Anna. There. Now, you dear creatures, be off; you haven't a minute to lose. *(Exeunt omnes, L.)*

(Enter Mrs. Bangs, R.)

Mrs. B. Why, I can't see anything of the fire—I do wish the gentlemen would return. This suspense is unendurable. Oh, what misery! why can't I faint! why can't I faint!

(Enter Gorgibus R., carrying a bucket, followed by the Deacon who has lost his hat).

Gorg. Oh, the villain!

Dea. Yes, the villain!

Gorg. I'll have him hung.

Dea. So will I.

Mrs. B. My dear Mr. Gorgibus, you frighten me; what new disaster has befallen us, pray tell?

Gorg. Oh! that abominable doctor! he has played a trick on us.

Dea. A most outrageous trick.

Gorg. (calling). Susie! Susie! where is my daughter? Fetch her here at once; I have something of the greatest importance to communicate.

Mrs. B. I will bring her to you at once. *(exit Mrs. B., R.)*

Gorg. Be seated, my dear Deacon. *(they sit R. and L.)*. Let us ponder over our philosophical pursuits a few minutes, and try to forget the terrible outrage that has been committed on us. What is your opinion concerning the "Sublime and Beautiful"?

Dea. (coughs). The "Sublime and Beautiful" is—*(coughs)* that is, it is—and I am very positive about it—

Gorg. Of course.

Dea. And I speak without hesitation—

Gorg. To be sure.

Dea. And without fear of contradiction—

Gorg. Certainly, certainly.

Dea. That it is a very difficult subject to explain

(Recenter Mrs. Bangs, R.)

Mrs. B. Oh horrors!

Gorg. Horrors, my dear?

Mrs. B. Oh! yes, much worse than that. Susie is not in her room and I can not find her anywhere in the house.

Gorg. Not in her room? Not in the house? I declare I am surrounded with thieves and robbers. *(Ferry appears at window, Gorgibus*

sees him). You abominable doctor! You execrable heathen! You sacrilegious monster and destroyer of my happiness! what have you done with my daughter?

Ferry. (at window) Your daughter? Ha! ha! ha! why bless my stars! she has gone off wid misther Charles to be married.

Gorg. To be married! It's false, I say it's false!

Ferry. Bedad! It's true enough for here they come. (*Disappears from window*).

Gorg. I'll have them arrested—I'll call out the milita. Monstrous calamity!

Dea. Monstrous calamity, indeed.

(*Reenter Charles and Susie L., followed by Anna and Ferry*).

Gorg. Daughter, what meaneth all this disturbance of the peace?

Anna. (coming forward). Uncle, let me explain. A good old minister across the way consented to say a few words for them, and now they are man and wife.

Gorg. Is this true, my daughter?

Susie. Yes, papa, it is true. I hope you will forgive me for being so wicked. Here is my husband; won't you congratulate us? (*They come forward*).

Gorg. (aside) A remarkably fine looking couple it must be admitted. (*aloud*). Since it can't be helped now, and seeing yon are all so well satisfied, I may as well rejoice and be happy too. Yes, my dear children, I congratulate you from my heart.

Ferry. This Ameriky is a dale of a country and no blarney.

Gorg. You abominable doctor!

Ferry. Och! don't you worry about me; just forgive me this time an' I'll niver do it again.

Susie. Yes, papa, forgive him; I am sure he meant all for the best.

Anna. And he is such a splendid doctor.

Ferry. (aside) Ain't she a darlin though?

Dea. I do not understand.

Gorg. My dear Deacon, I would advise you to seek elsewhere for a wife.

Anna. Yes, Mr. Silvergrab, and let me give you a little friendly advice, when next you make up your mind to embark in the matrimonial schooner, be sure your intended bride is something near your own age, and not young enough to be your grand daughter. If you follow this rule, you will find the course of love not half so thorny as you did in this case.

Gorg. That's true philosophy.

Dea. I understand. (*Exit L.*)

Ferry. An' now my friends, since this doctorin' business has turned out so well, I have made up my mind to hang out my shingle as a doctor of physick; an' ladies an' gintlemen, hoping you have all been well satisfied wid my cures, I invite you to give me an early call. Remember I practice HOMŒOPATHY, the great family cure for all diseases of the brain, liver, stomach, and especially the HEART DISEASE.

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